



Smother.



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Chapter 1 by Alicia

In the middle of the city park, sitting underneath a Willow tree was 21 year old Tegan Moore. She could be found in the same spot every Wednesday between 4 and 6 pm reading, right before she heads to Open Mic at a coffee shop with her friends.

Tegan was a very outgoing and open person. She had all the qualities anyone should want- Honesty, passion, trustworthiness, compassion, humor. In the small parts of her that lacked personality, she made up for with beauty. Tegan had long raven black hair that brushed against her waist, plump lips, and deep brown eyes that were almost a cherry color in the right light.

Tegan read quietly to herself and giggled at the ridiculousness of her book called Exit Here. It follows the crazy life of an unhappy rich teenage boy whose life is overtaken with drugs, sex, music, death and witty one liners.

Tegan felt a pair of eyes on her and she immediately felt a shiver run up her spine. She let her eyes slowly move up to spot a man sitting on a bench across the small pond the separated them. "There he is..." Tegan thought.

This man would also come to the city park every Wednesday between 4 and 6 pm. But it wasn't to read or bird watch. It was to watch Tegan. She tried to call the police on the man but they refused to help at all because he wasn't doing her any harm. "He probably just enjoys the park" they would tell her. So she tried to let it go.

Today was different though. Tegan felt more uneasy than normal with him watching her. She looked around the rest of the park. It wasn't many people present. She decided to cut her reading short, looking up at him with a dark look and a water bottle in her messenger bag and walked away.

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She glanced behind her and noticed the man had also stood up from the bench. At first, her eyes could not spot him. "Maybe he left as well" She hoped. Almost as quick as the thought came, it was melted away by the sight of the man walking towards her. His pace was faster than a normal gait. Her heart jumped in the middle of her throat and she began running toward her car. She looked behind her for a moment to see the man also running. She felt tears well in her eyes.

She could see her car in the near distance. She reached in her bag quickly, to get her keys ready and pulled them out as soon as she felt the cool metal on her fingers. She jammed in the unlock button as she closed in on her vehicle. "Come on..." she gritted between her white teeth.

Tegan gasped as her keys slid from her fingers and onto the concrete. With everything happening so fast, she tripped over herself and twisted her ankle in the process, landing head first on the hard ground. Her head ached as she looked up at the sky. Feeling jumbled and scared, her eyes began to close. "This is what it's like to pass out?" she whispered out loud. Her eyes fluttered close as the face of the man hovered over her, before all went black.

Chapter 2 by Issa alSaleh



She awoke on a gurney. This was Tegan's first observation when she opened her eyes. Attempting to sit up, she found that she was bound by ropes. The knots were crisp and efficient, and there was no hope of slipping out. A feeling of claustrophobia settled over her. After some time, a white-coated doctor entered the room, and smiled coldly when he found her awake. He wore wire-rimmed glasses and radiated hatred. Interesting. Tegan had always noticed these things. The small details. It had proved useful time and time again.

Now. To business. Why did the doctor seem to dislike her? Had her captor told him something about her? The artificial friendliness was unsettling, especially due to the fact that she WAS tied up. Any pretence of kindness would be useless as long as she remained in this state. She snapped back to reality as the doctor cleared his throat. Menacingly, Tegan thought.

Chapter 3 by moira



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"Are you really going to pretend like you've forgotten?" The doctor asked with a sigh. "Come on now, you've escaped us for long enough, you've learned what it's like to live in the real world even though that was strictly against the rules. It's time for you to return to what you were created for."

Chapter 4 by ChemicallyInsane



"Let me out. I don't know what your talking about. Please." He ignored the questions. He called out:

"Bo! Get in here!" Somebody stepped in. The silhouette showed much more than probably actually seeing the person. He stood upright, with a gleam in his eye, that revealed he wasn't exactly human. The most noticing thing about this Bo, was he had ears poking out the top of his head. Constantly turning, listening to everything. He suddenly bared his teeth at me, or rather his fangs, the guy had cat like canines. They gleamed whiter than any supermodels.

"Staring is rude." He spat at me as he stepped into the light. He looked like a mildly normal college kid. T-shirt, jeans, running shoes. He had wildly spiked blond hair, his eyes were two different colors, although both were cat like. One green, one brown. His ears turned all over the place.

"She has no manners." Bo told the doctor.

"Untie her Bo." He stepped forward and sliced the ropes open with a switch blade.

'Dont look at me like that. I didn't inherit retractable claws."

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